

INTRODUCTION

Jeeves is noted for his tissue-restorers. The morning after Boat Race night or a toot at the Drones Club, I have sometimes dreamed that some bounder was driving spikes through my head. At such times I reach out a hand shaking like an aspen and ring for Jeeves. He shimmers out and, almost instantaneously, returns with a bracer from the icebox. I loose it down the Wooster hatch and, after undergoing the passing discomfort of having the skull fly up to the ceiling and the eyes shoot out of their sockets and rebound from the opposite wall, like racquets balls, I feel better. Still, after partaking of one of these morning mixtures, the patient is well advised not to oscillate the bean for an hour or so.

But here I go, dash it! I am already drifting from the nub or crux: to wit, the cocktail in every shape and form. Jeeves, as in all else, is an expert in these matters. Ask him for something traditional such as a Manhattan, a Screwdriver, a Prairie Oyster or a Sidecar, and he will procure the definitive version of same: dematerializing like one of those fellows in India—fakirs, I think they're called—only to turn up seconds later at your elbow, all parts reassembled, with a brimming stoup of the ordered fluid.

Again, when some soul in torment, deep in the mulligatawny and with no hope of striking for the shore, hoves to and drops despondent anchor at the Wooster residence, the hour will find the man and the man the drink. Jeeves will call on his creative juices—his, Jeeves's that is, not the bimbo immersed in the bouillon—and deliver a brew expressly suited to the circs. Which brings me to the matter of Jeeves, Bertram Wooster and little differences between us.

When two men of iron share a roof there is bound to be the odd rift within the lute, and mixed drinks are no exception. Several racy concoctions have prompted Jeeves to use the old eyebrow routine. Some of these were created by yours truly, others by various members of the Drones, notably Catsmeat Potter-Pirbright who, if he didn't draw his weekly envelope treading the boards in London's better-known theatres, could make his pile by agitating a cocktail-shaker in any prime night-spot in London, New York or points west.

In fact, it was Catsmeat who introduced me to the Acapulco Sunset, an unparalleled mélange of rum, brandy, beaujolais, bitters and much else besides. At the time, I was staying at Brinkley Court, Worcs, home of my good



and deserving Aunt Dahlia, employer of the chef, Anatole, a hash-slinger without peer. I was slated at no distant date to don the spongebag trousers and gardenia and walk up the aisle with Madeline. Fearful that, with nuptials in the offing, I would find myself but toying with Anatole's *Selle d'Agneau à la Greque*, I drank deep of the flowing bowl produced by Catsmeat.

Serenity and a sense of *bien-être* were instantly restored. Thanks to the Potter-Pirbright tonic, I shovelled the unbeatable eatables into myself like a stevedore slipping a grain ship its mid-morning rations.

But when, on another occasion, I asked Jeeves to slip self and other guests an Acapulco Sunset, he delivered a firm *nolle prosequi* and returned from his lair with beakers of whisky and soda. A decent enough snootful, I grant you, but not the rainbow-hued item on the agenda.

This is not to demean the scope of Jeeves's recipes for cocktails as laid down in this slim volume. Every one of them is a humdinger, tried and tested by the members of Jeeves's club, the Junior Ganymede, that meeting place of the *crème de la crème* of gentlemen's personal gentlemen, butlers and, Jeeves tells me, the occasional footman. And every mixed drink in this book, I may tell you, is absolutely AO-bally-K by the Wooster palate, too. 'Let's call it *Stirring Times with Wooster Sauces*, Jeeves,' I said when this project was first mooted, not a little proud of so apt an exhibition of word-play.

'I would suggest, sir, that such a title be ill-advised in the present case,' he averred, with a certain what-is-it in his voice—*froideur*, perhaps? 'With respect, your public expect something with a little more *gravitas*.'

'*Gravitas*, Jeeves?'

The Latin, sir, for weight, carrying the implication of seriousness and possibly scholarship accrued over many years of correctly interpreted experience. Might I put forward for your consideration *The Jeeves Cocktail Book—A Guide to Mixed Drinking*?

I inclined the bean, and considered. As so often before, the chances were that the fellow had something.

Bertie Wooster



THE FIXINGS

We Woosters are never slow to give credit where it's due. No one living can come across with a snifter that's a patch on Jeeves's line in mixed drinks. I have acquired all my knowledge in the field from the fellow. What better way, I once thought when Jeeves was going off for his annual holiday, to bring the blue bird out of the hat in his absence, than to persuade him to let me in on a few tricks of the trade.

'Jeeves, before you take off to Herne Bay for the shrimping, will you give me the lowdown on the finer points of throwing together brews suited to the cocktail hour?'

'I am deeply flattered, sir, and will proceed to do so with great pleasure.'

With that, Jeeves conducted me to his lair and, with appropriate gestures, named the equipment you see below.

'I've absorbed all that, Jeeves. But what of measures?'

'In the recipes here, sir, you will see that most of the ingredients are given in proportions. The size of glass will dictate whether the drink is long or short. But I have also taken the liberty of using a measure, sir. A measure is a definite quantity. Exactly a third of a gill, or approximately one jigger, $1\frac{1}{2}$ fluid ounces, or two tablespoons.'

'Two tablespoonfuls for me, Jeeves. Other customers may opt as may be.'

'Very good, sir. Now for the cocktail shaker. One places ice in, thus; pours in the necessary ingredients and then shakes the implement with a brisk, sharp motion before straining into the recommended glass.'

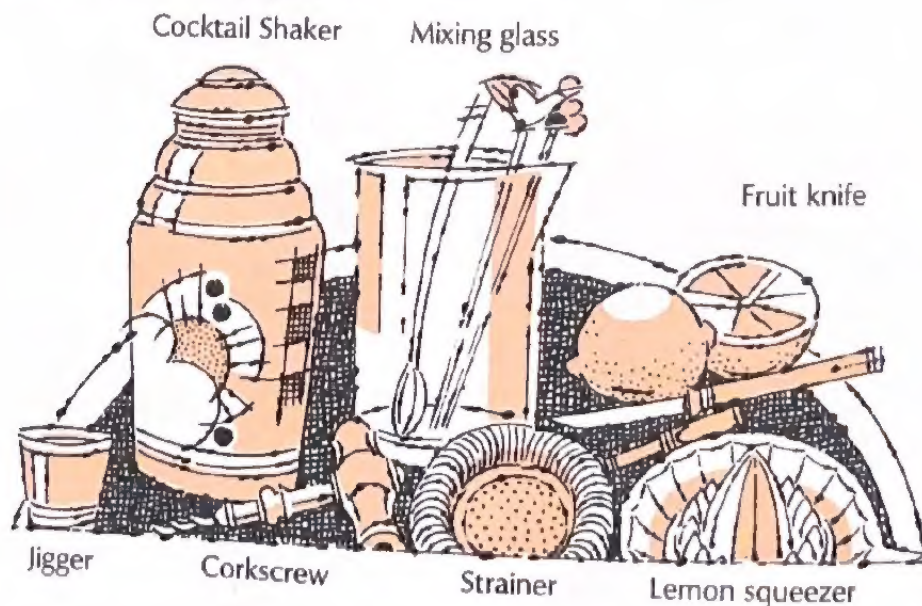
'Straining, Jeeves?'

'Yes, sir. It prevents ice from invading the cocktail when it is poured from shaker or mixing glass to the drinking glass.'

'Just like tea, Jeeves, what?'

'Precisely, sir. As for mixing glasses, one places the ice in first, then the

Cocktail Cabinet Equipment:



necessary ingredients. Next one stirs until cold before straining into the drinking glass.'

'Any inside info on ice, Jeeves?'

'To crush it, sir, one wraps some cubes in a clean cloth and knocks them forcefully against a hard surface or hits them with a blunt instrument.'

'Like a guardian of the peace putting it across the evil-doer?'

'Or vice-versa, sir.'

'And what of "twist", Jeeves?'

'That refers to the peel of orange or lemon, sir. When a recipe includes a "twist", the peel should first be squeezed above the surface of the drink to release the oil it contains, then the peel may be dropped into the glass.'

'Some recipes refer to sugar syrup, Jeeves. What steps does the man of the world take to produce that?'

'One takes a pint of water, sir, a pound of sugar in cube or granulated form, and one teaspoon of glucose. One then places these ingredients in a pan and boils them on a high heat for about two minutes. If any froth appears on the surface, one removes it with a spoon. It is then essential, sir, to put the sugar syrup in an airtight container and store it somewhere cool.'

'Like a refrigerator, Jeeves?'

'That would serve extremely well, sir.'

'Well, Jeeves, while you are netting choice specimens of seafood on your holiday, you can imagine me, when the sun's over the yardarm, following your instructions to the final drop. And that done, retiring to an armchair to put the feet up, sipping with carefree content, rather like Caesar having one in his tent the day he overcame the Nervii.'

'I shall take great pleasure in conjuring up the vision you suggest, sir.'

Glasses:

Tall Champagne glass
(approx 8 oz)

Wine glass (goblet)
(approx 8 oz)

Highball glass
(10 oz)

Old Fashioned glass
(approx 8 oz)



Cocktail glass
(approx 3½ oz)

Beer mug or tankard
(1 pint or ½ pint)

Punchbowl and cups.